



**i didn't know i  
was lonely till i  
saw your face**

**nicehcuse**

# **i didn't know i was lonely till i saw your face by nicehcuse**

**Category:** IT (2017)

**Genre:** M/M, also motorcycles, because thats just how punk and gay richie is, everything is nice and gay

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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**Summary:**

numinous - (adj.) describing an experience that makes you fearful yet fascinated, awed yet attracted-the powerful, personal feeling of being overwhelmed and inspired.

## i didn't know i was lonely till i saw your face

### Author's Note:

- For [stellarmads](#).

this is a challenge i did with jupe, where he sent me a pretty word and i wrote something off of it! it was really fun to do, go read his fic where i sent him a word too! (link will be at the end)

□“You’re picking me up... on a motorcycle.” Eddie looks up, deadpan, at Richie’s bright smile under his helmet before he takes it off and shakes out an overgrown head of curls. He’s sure he can’t remember the last time Richie had a haircut, but he also doesn’t entirely mind; Eddie’s so used to feeling the soft, loose ringlets brush against his cheek when he wakes up in the morning, ready to get out of bed which is typically met with a half-asleep Richie groaning and tugging him closer.

□“Suzuki, babes. She’s a sweetheart,” Richie coos, bringing his head to the handles and pressing a kiss to them, “And *loud*.” Eddie crosses his arms.

□“I know, Richie. I heard it all the way down the street.” Eddie doesn’t fail to notice that Richie seems to have gotten rid of every pair of sneakers he owns, trading them for a pair of slightly bulky boots. He also takes note of the various rips in his jeans, as well as the checkered button up-that he never actually *buttoned up*-hanging freely around a dark undershirt.

□In contrast, he can feel Richie check him out, suddenly very aware that a red tee-shirt and Adidas track pants wouldn’t work in the middle of October on a motorcycle.

□“Go get a jacket, Eds. Not exactly trying to take a cryogenically frozen body on a date, here,” he says and laughs at his own joke. Eddie shakes his head, dipping back into the warmth of his apartment to get a jacket to match his pants. When he comes back out, warmer albeit still shaking from nerves, Richie hands him a

second helmet.

□“Richie, are you even aware of how *dangerous* this is? God, if my mom was here she would be throwing a fit! I don’t even know how I let you-”

□“Shush, Eddie Spaghetti. Your mom’s not here. She’s at my place! Couldn’t walk home after last night, am I right ladies?” Richie winks and almost immediately Eddie’s expression changes to one lacking any hint of amusement.

□“First off, there’s no ladies here. There’s no ladies anywhere. You’re gay. Secondly, I have no idea how I let you drag me into this, but let’s just go.” He puts on his helmet and doesn’t miss Richie telling him, “Hold tight,” partially because he’s already doing so. Eddie’s eyes screw shut the instant he hears it rev up and his grip on Richie’s torso tightens as he feels the breeze fly past his already cold fingers.

□“Open your damn eyes, Eds!” Richie yells over the engine, to which Eddie shouts back, “You can’t even see me!” Eddie feels the vibrations in Richie’s ribs as he laughs.

□“I know you are, enjoy yourself! Look around you, babes!” Eddie, although grudgingly, opens his eyes and finds various buildings and city lights speeding past him and feels a rush of both immediate fear and euphoria. The inner conflict of being on top of the world to wanting to jump off and run back home rose in his chest, but quickly found himself overwhelmed with elation, his arms loosening from around Richie and settling for resting his chin (mostly his helmet) on his shoulder.

□“It’s not too bad, yeah?” Eddie hummed, watching the street lights pass by as they drifted down the highway. In the distance, a small 24 hour ice cream shop shined bright. With the smell of vanilla jumbled with Richie’s cologne and the various sounds of conversation and the motorcycle, the strange sense of danger that first presented itself with the whirr of the engine still remained, but mixed with the feeling of ecstasy that came with the wind brushing past them and the clink of their helmets.

□He supposed that’s just what came with Richie; risk and rapture.

**Author's Note:**

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/12392835>